



No 27

TIM HOLT



STRAWMAN vs. REDMASK



10¢

FWB



HE ONLY SEEMED A THING OF STRAW, CLAD IN A MAN'S GARMENTS—YET A HEART BEAT UNDER HIS BLUE SHIRT—A HEART FILLED WITH GREED AND THE LUST FOR LOOT! AND WHEN *THE STRAWMAN* MET *REDMASK* AND DEFEATED HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN, MEN'S FACES TURNED AWAY, FOR ALL KNEW THAT THE CRIMSON CAVALIER HAD FINALLY MET HIS MATCH IN THE MIGHTY STRUGGLE OF—

"REDMASK vs THE STRAWMAN!"

....

AS DAWN SWEEPS ACROSS THE PLAINS COUNTRY, A STRANGE FIGURE STIRS TO LIFE...

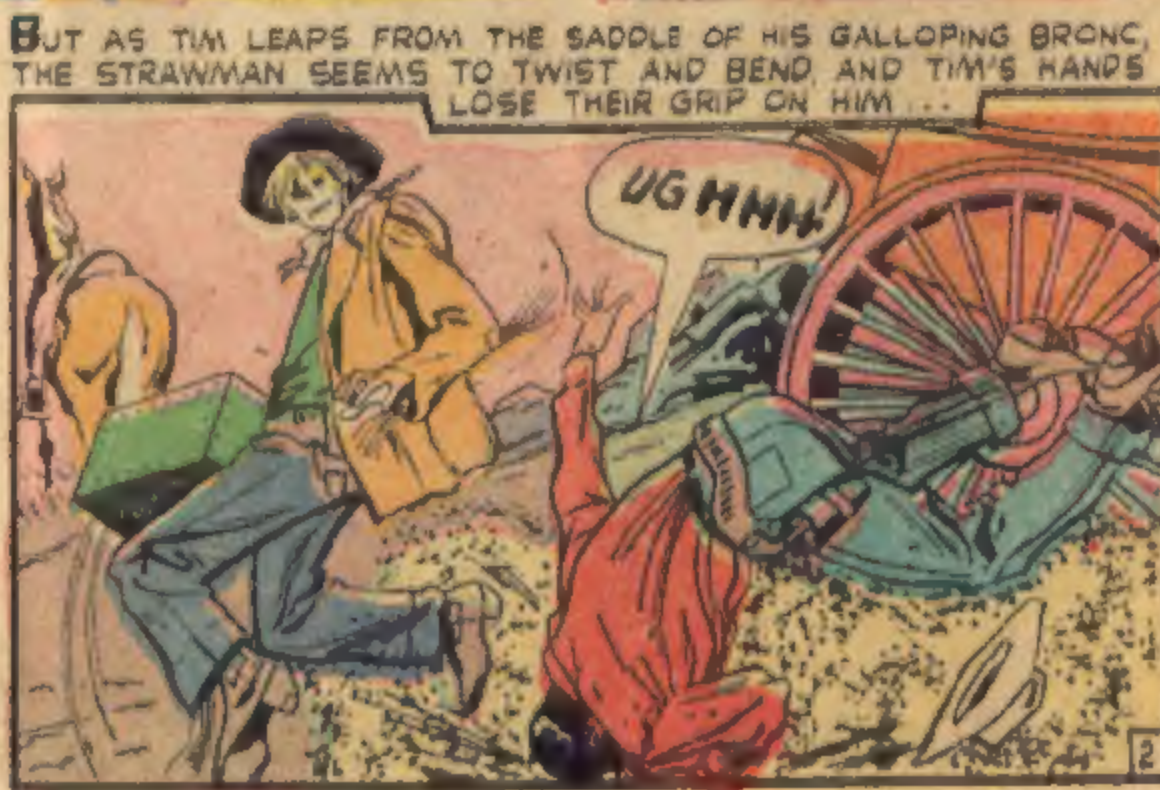
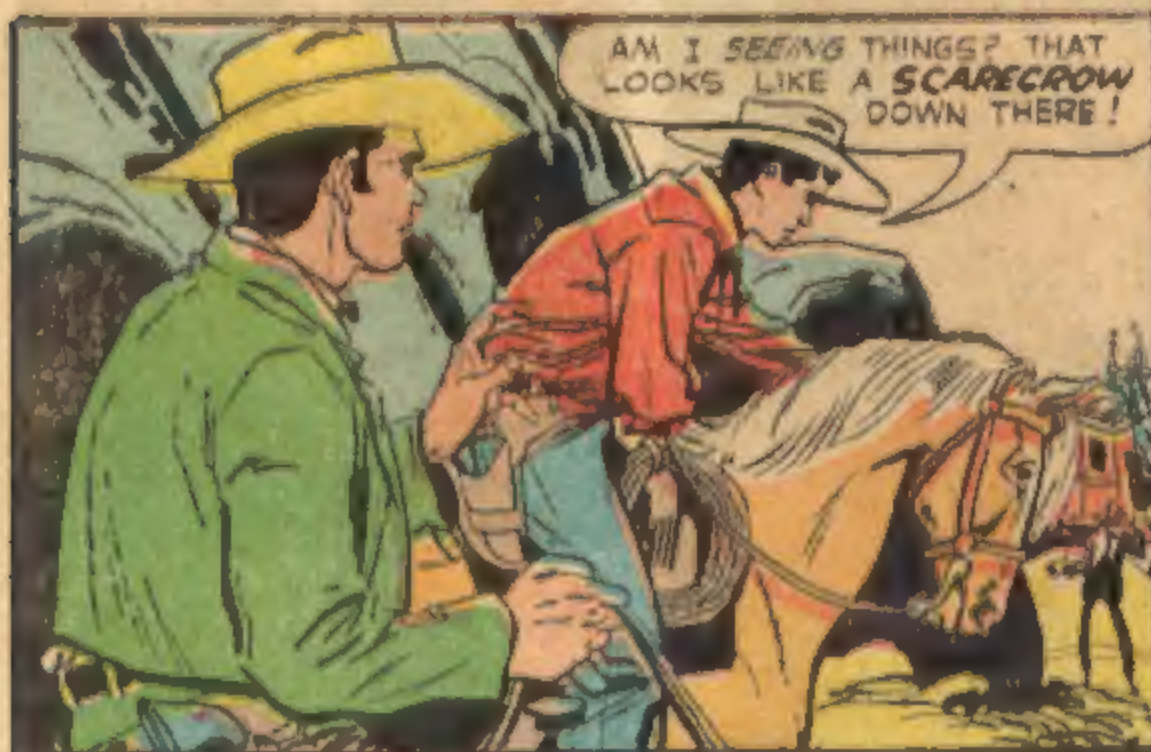


ON A COALBLACK STALLION, THE STRAW MAN GALLOPS ACROSS THE GRASSLANDS...

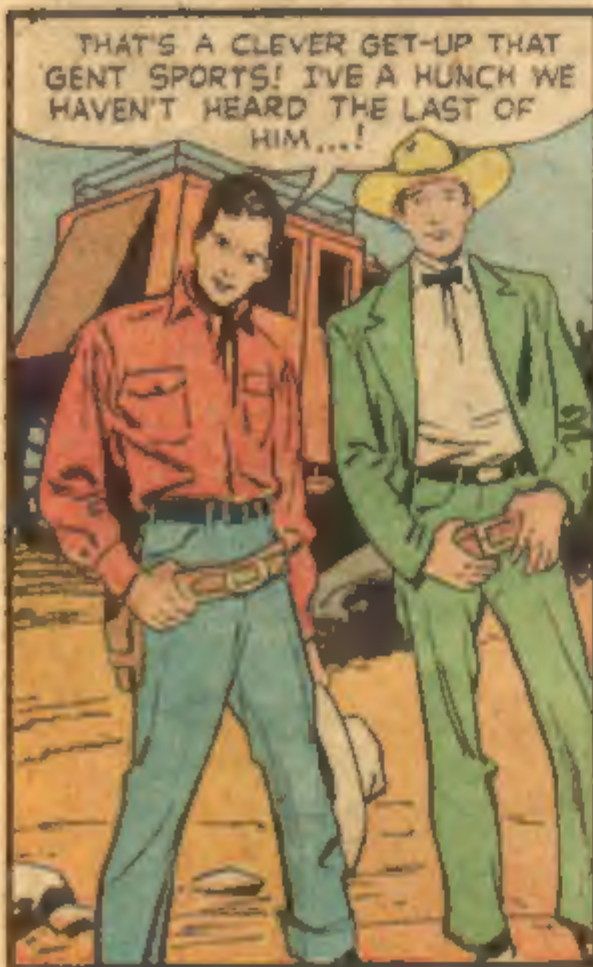
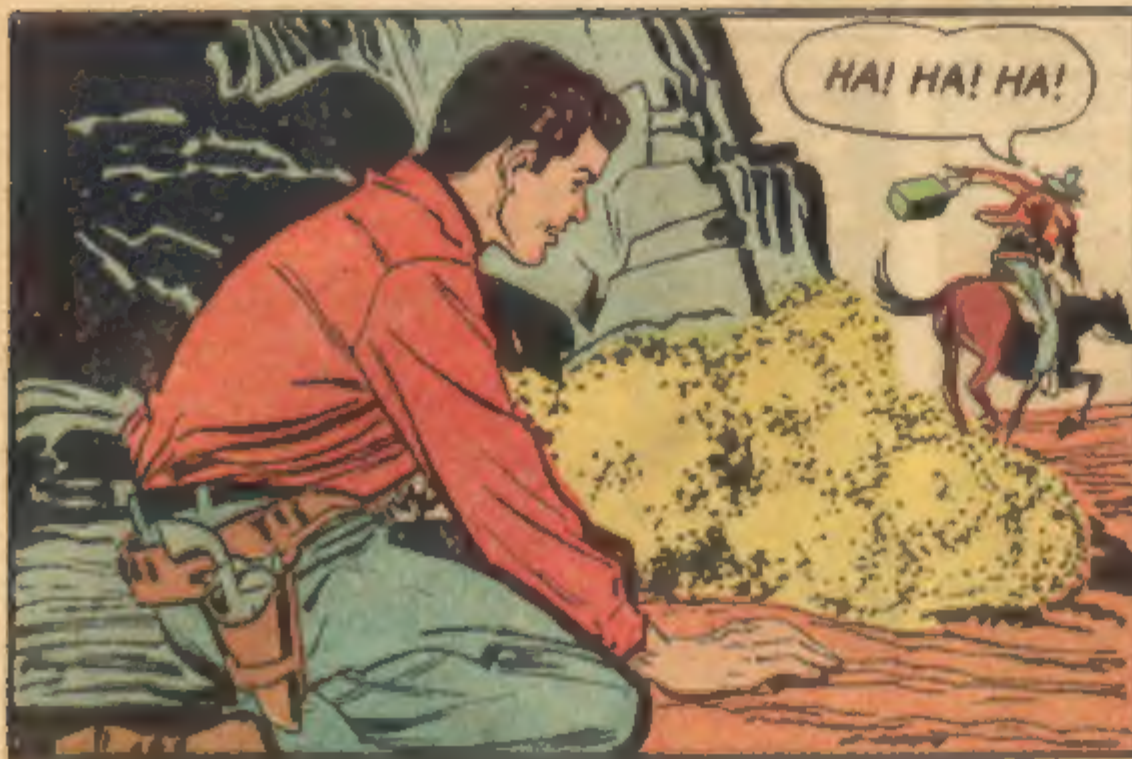
THE COPPER CANYON STAGE WILL BE APPROACHING THREE CORNERS RIGHT NOW! I'LL MEET IT WHEN IT TURNS STOVEPIPE BEND...



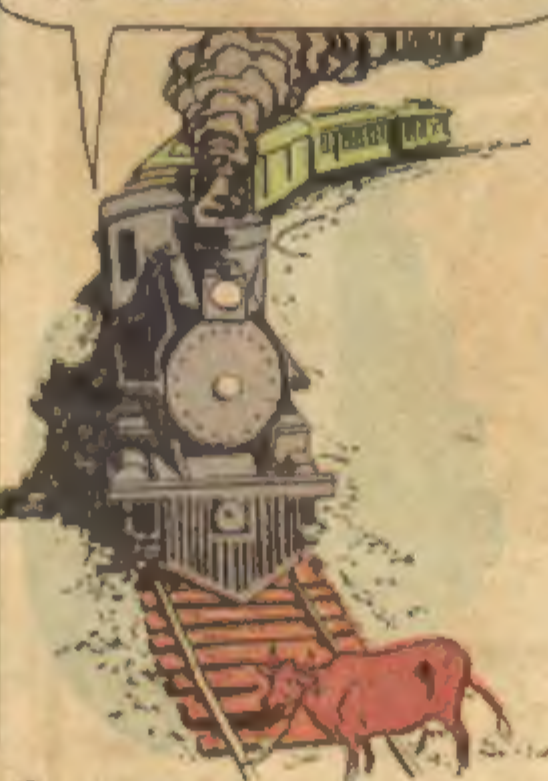
TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



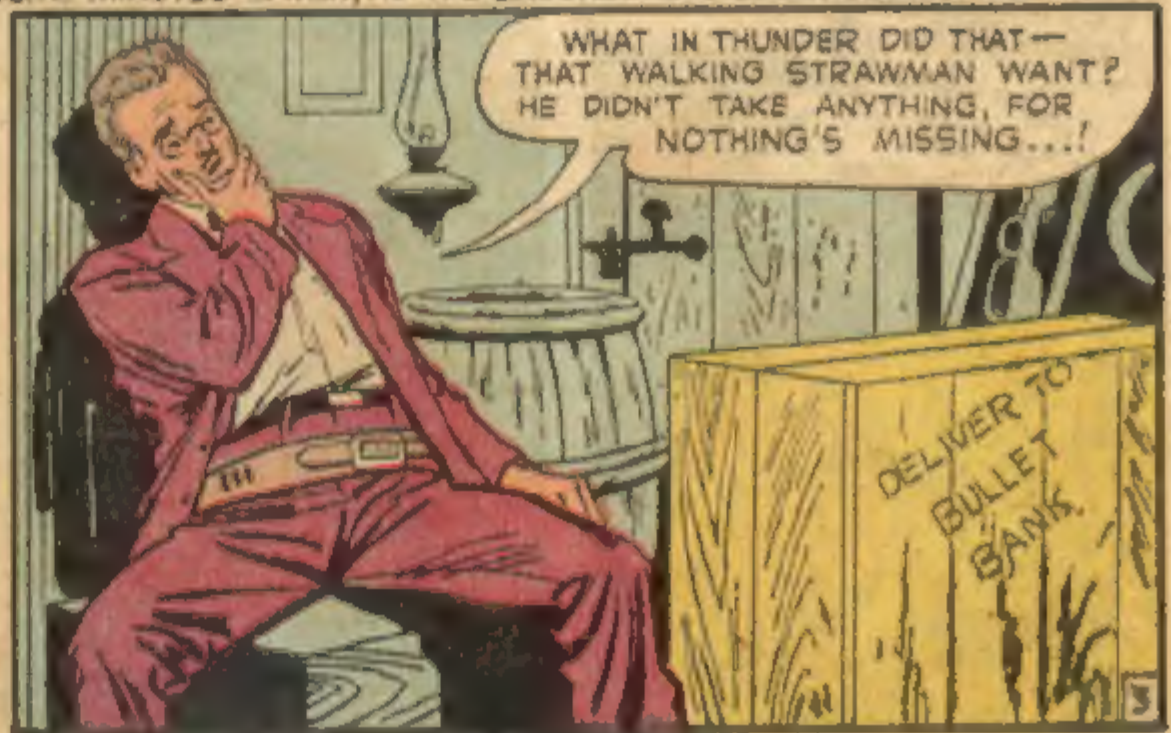
NEXT DAY, AS THE ARIZONA-PACIFIC RAILROAD CHUGS TO A HALT —



IN THE BAGGAGE CAR...



SOME MINUTES LATER, AS THE BAGGAGE-CAR CLERK COMES TO ...



TIM HOLT

IN THE TOWN OF BULLET, SOME HOURS LATER...



AND IN THE TOWN OF BULLET,
BITING TONGUES BURN TIM HOLT'S
EARS...



THAT NIGHT, IN THE BREAKS
SOUTH OF TOWN...

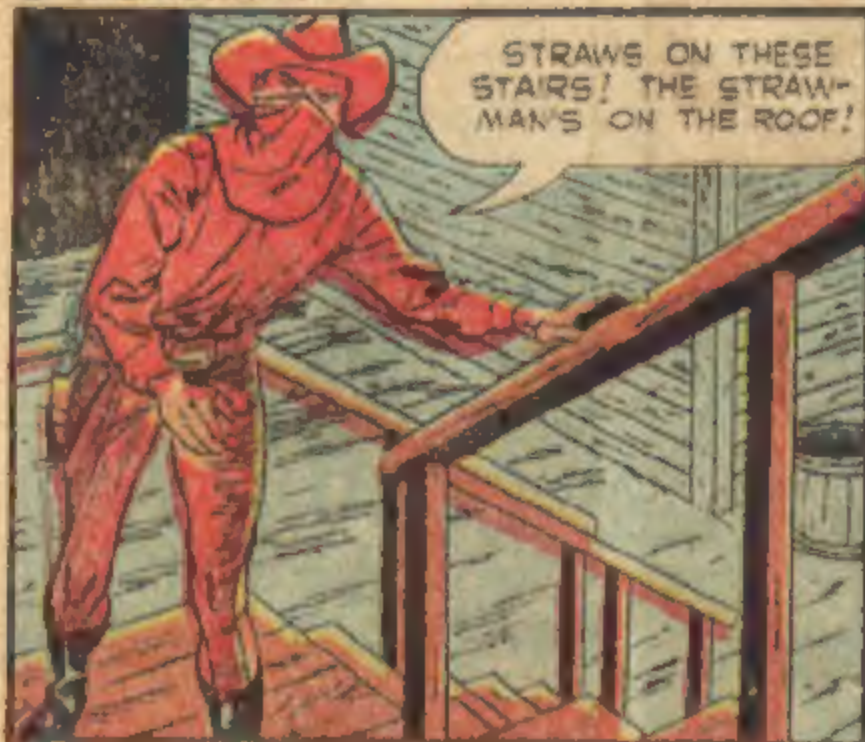


THE STRAWMAN HAS ONE
WEAKNESS! WHEREVER HE
GOES, SOME OF THOSE STRAWS
HE USES TO DISGUISE HIMSELF
WILL FALL OFF! ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS FIND THEM...



TIM HOLT

AFTER A SEARCH OF THE ALLEYS AND BACK WAYS OF THE TOWN...



AND THE NIGHT IS FILLED WITH THE STRAW-MAN'S MOCKING LAUGHTER...



RETURNING TO THE FARGO QUEEN SALOON, THE STRAWMAN LETS HIMSELF IN THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW...



REDMASK'S CUP IS BITTER! NOT ONLY HAS THE STRAWMAN TRICKED HIM, BUT HE HAS DONE IT BEFORE THE ENTIRE TOWN OF BULLET...

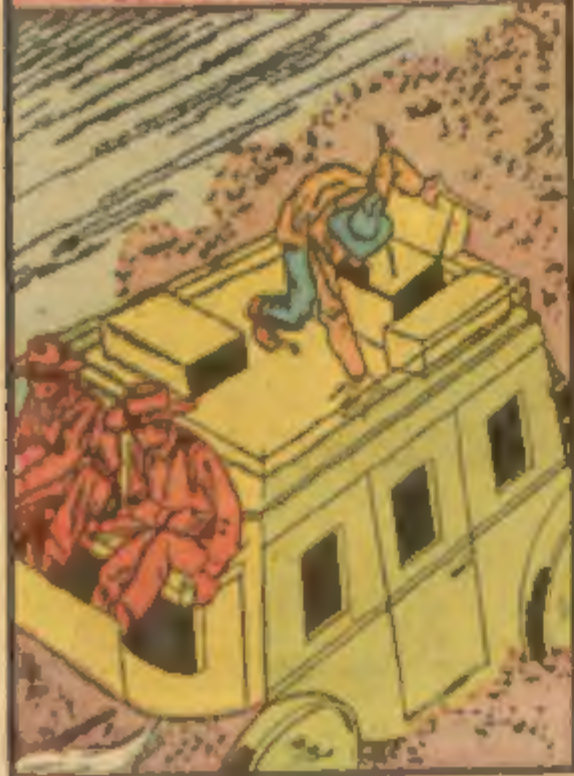


HAS REDMASK MET HIS MASTER? IS THE STRAWMAN SO CLEVER, SO INVINCIBLE THAT EVEN REDMASK CANNOT BRING HIM TO TASK?



TIM HOLT

SOME DAYS LATER AS THE BULLET STAGE TRUNDLES DOWN FROM THE HIGH MOUNTAIN COUNTRY...



THE EASIEST WAY I KNOW OF TO ROB THE STAGE — STOW ABOARD IN A TRUNK AND KNOCK THEM OUT!



MEANWHILE, REDMASK HAS BEEN PATROLLING THE STAGECOACH TRAIL

HUH — IT'S REDMASK! WHY'N'T YUH GIVE UP?

YOU'LL NEVER CATCH THE STRAWMAN! HE'S TOO SMART FOR YUH!



I COULDN'T TELL THEM I MADE A DEAL WITH THE STAGECOACH COMPANY TO SUBSTITUTE A SPECIALLY PREPARED MONEY BOX...



... A BOX WITH A FALSE BOTTOM AND HOLES BORED IN IT! AS THE STRAWMAN RIDES, TINY RED PEBBLES WILL SHAKE OUT THROUGH THOSE HOLES TO MARK THE TRAIL HE TAKES ...!



THEY'RE LEADING ME STRAIGHT TO HIS HIDEOUT!



SOMEBODY'S COMING...!



TIM HOLT



HAND TO HAND, REELING ACROSS THE STONE FLOOR OF THE SUBTERRANEAN CAVE, THEIR BREATHS BOBBING IN THEIR THROATS, REDMASK AND THE STRAWMAN BATTLE TO THE DEATH...



WITH A CUNNING TWIST OF HIS BODY, THE STRAWMAN YANKS FREE AND SENDS REDMASK FLYING...



BORNE SWIFTLY BY THE RIVER CURRENT, THE STRAWMAN IS SWEEPED BENEATH THE STONE OF THE CLIFF—FROM WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE...



BUT IS THIS THE END FOR THE MAN OF STRAW? OR WILL SOME QUIRK OF FATE SAVE HIM WHEN BY ALL THE LAWS OF HONEST MEN HE SHOULD MEET HIS FATE IN A WATERY GRAVE?

DON'T MISS SUCCEEDING ISSUES OF **TIM HOLT** FOR THE STUNNING ANSWER TO THE FATE OF THE STRAWMAN!



TIM HOLT

HULAPA WAS A BAD APACHE. HE KILLED AND HE LOOTED AND HIS HAND WAS TURNED AGAINST ALL MEN! WHEN HIS MAD HATE SETTLED ON TIM HOLT—EVEN REDMASK FOUND HIMSELF IN A TRAP OF DEATH SET BY THE—

"APACHE KILLER!"



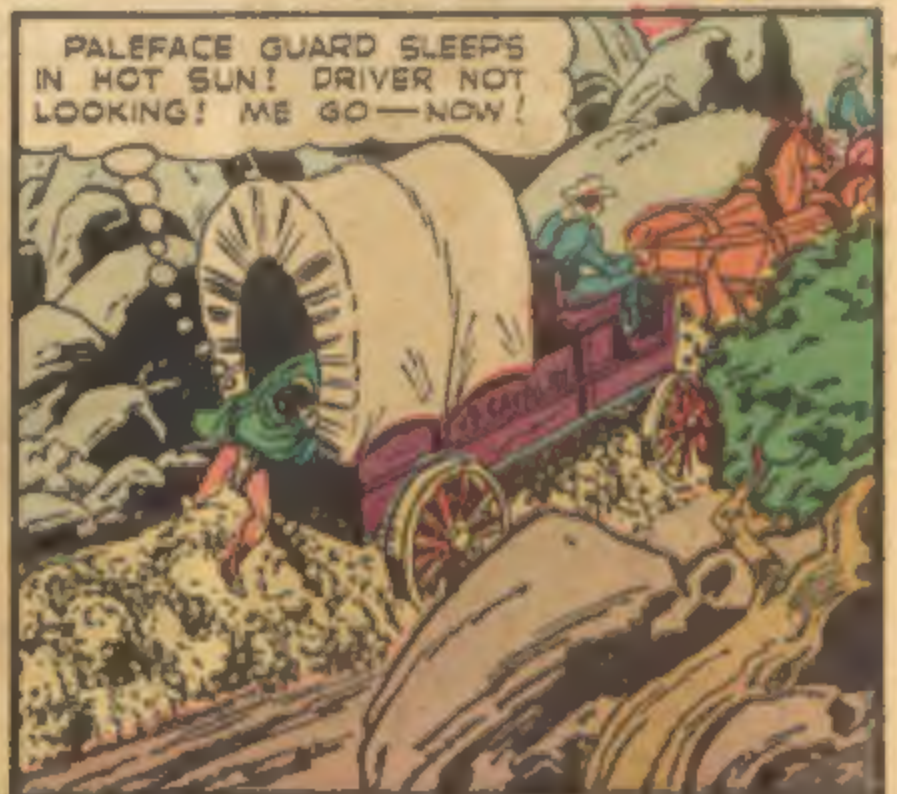
FRANK BOLLE

AN ARMY QUARTERMASTER TRAIN CREAKS AND RATTLES ACROSS THE ARIZONA SAGE FLATS. INSIDE IT IS A LONE APACHE, SULLEN WITH FURY...

PALEFACES TAKE ME FORT DANGER! THEY WILL SHOOT ME—IF I LET THEM...



PALEFACE GUARD SLEEPS IN HOT SUN! DRIVER NOT LOOKING! ME GO—NOW!



TIM HOLT

AS A RED SHADOW DROPS AND LIES MOTIONLESS, THE WAGON RATTLES ON...



AT A STEADY LOPE, HULAPA MOVES INTO THE HIGH MESA COUNTRY...

GOT NO WEAPON. NEED GUN, HU—FIND PALEFACE HOUSE, STEAL GUN!



SOME HOURS LATER, HE STRIKES WITH THE SPEED AND FURY OF AN ENRAGED RATTLER...

PALEFACE HUNT THE RABBIT, HULAPA LIKE RATTLESNAKE—ME HUNT PALEFACE!



LATER, SOME MILES BEYOND...

NOW HULAPA HAVE PONY!



THEN BEGINS A REIGN OF TERROR ACROSS THE ARIZONA TABLELANDS. A TORCH IS FLUNG IN THE NIGHT...



HORSES ARE RUN OFF...

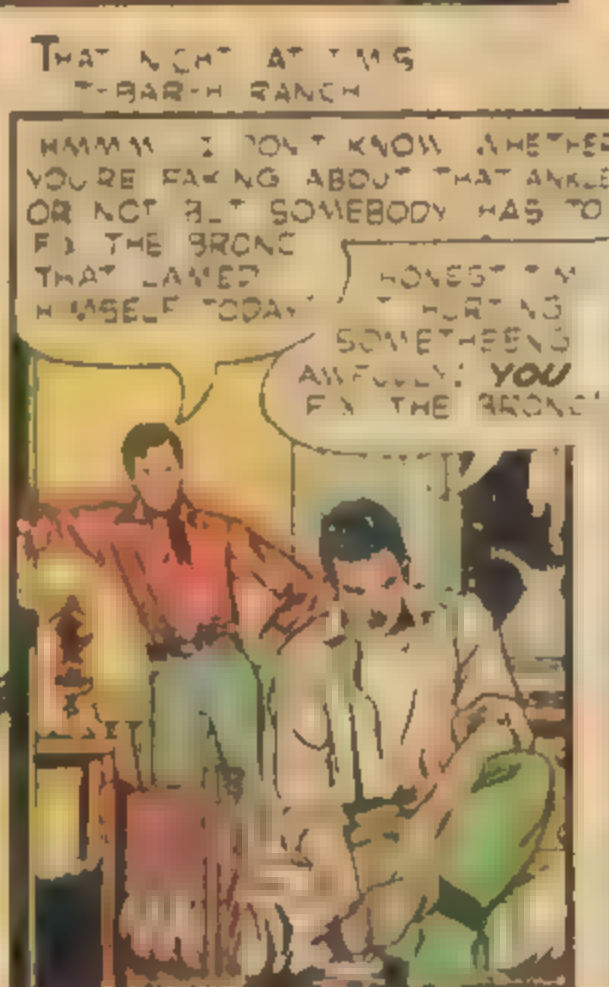
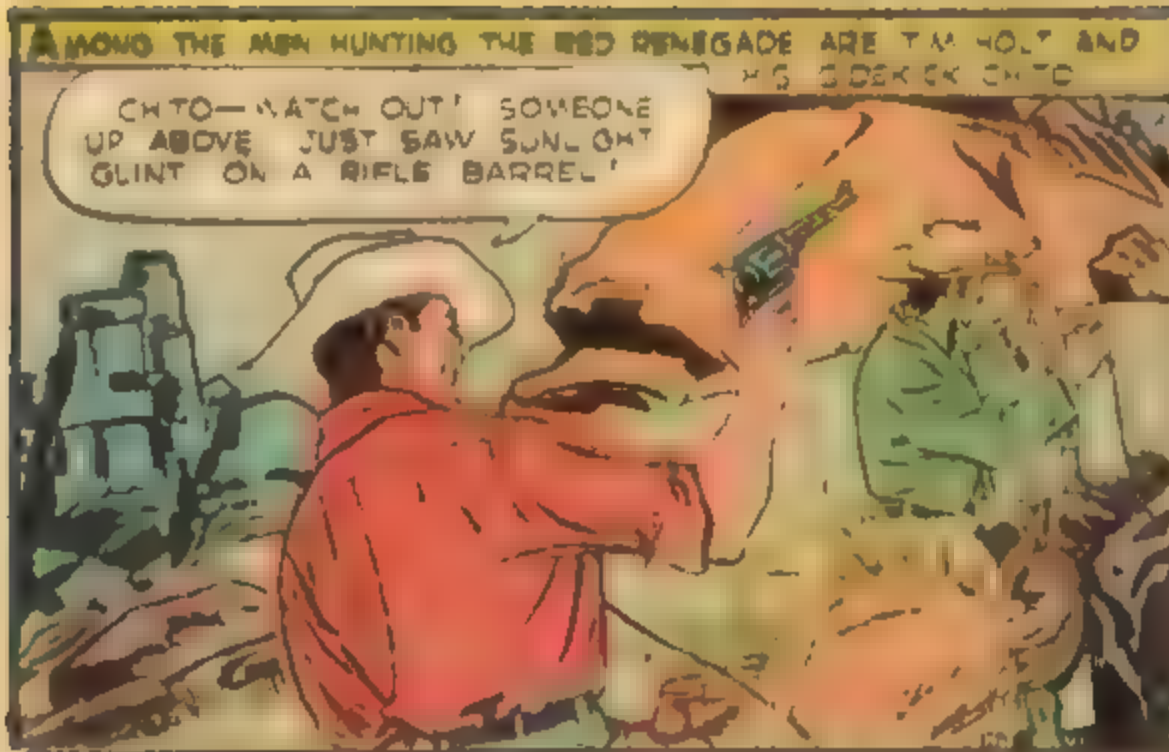


GUTTERAL LAUGHTER GURGLES IN THE BRONC APACHE'S THROAT AS HE SEES HIS PALEFACE TRACKERS BLUNDERING HELPLESSLY IN THE SHALE ROCK NEAR HIS MESA HIDEOUT...

SILLY PALEFACES! HULAPA KILL ONE, TEACH PALEFACES HULAPA HEAP BAD MEDICINE! UGH!



TIM HOLT

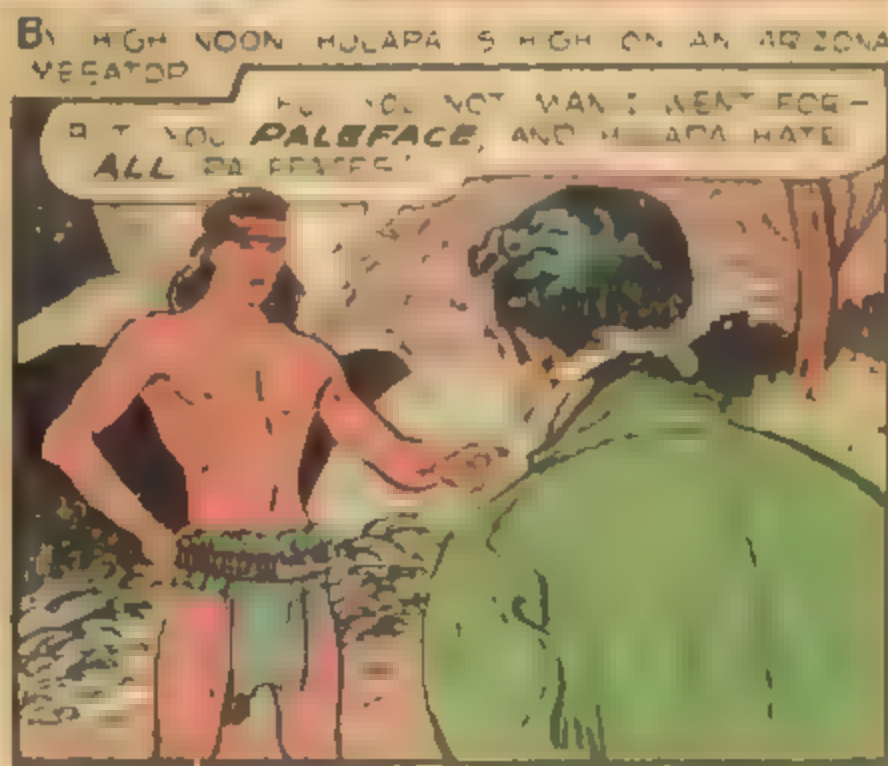
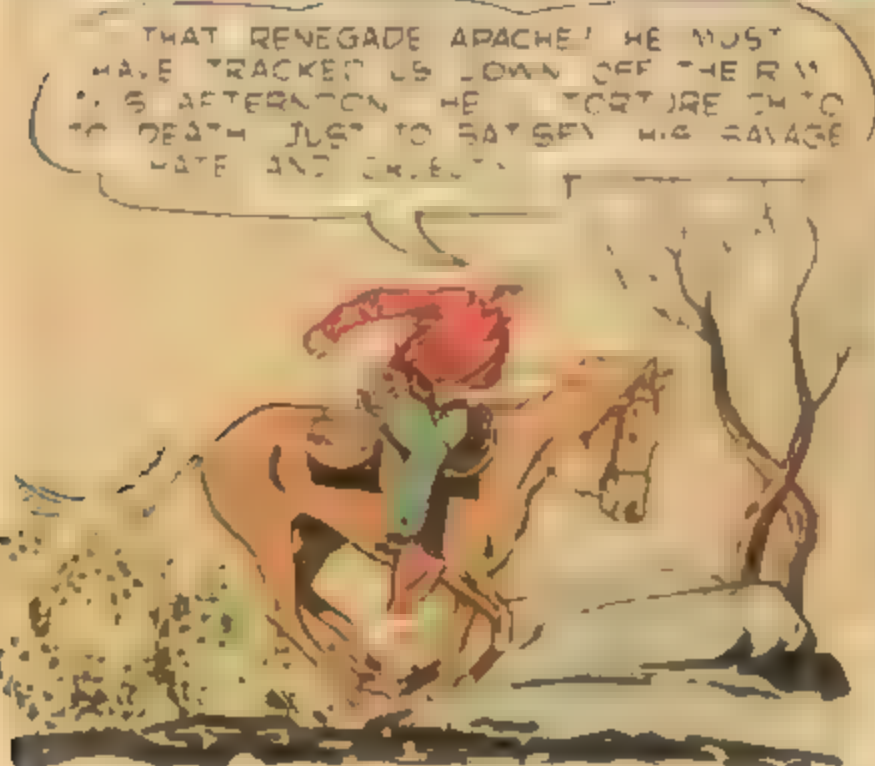


TIM HOLT

LIKE A SHADOW, HULAPA HAS COME INTO THE T-H RANCH YARD, AND LIKE A SHADOW HE LEAVES IT



TOWARD DAWN..



TIM HOLT

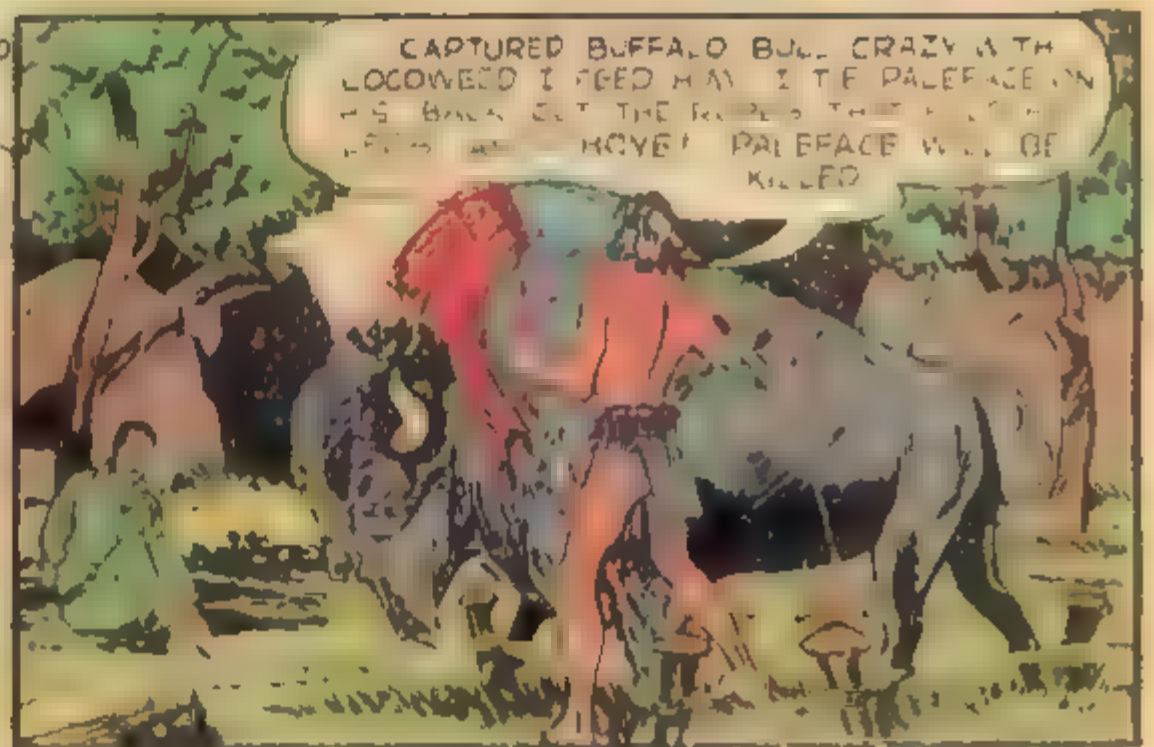
MOVING WITH THE CAUTION OF A HUNTING DUMA, TIM SWINGS ACROSS A CHASM BY LARIAT —



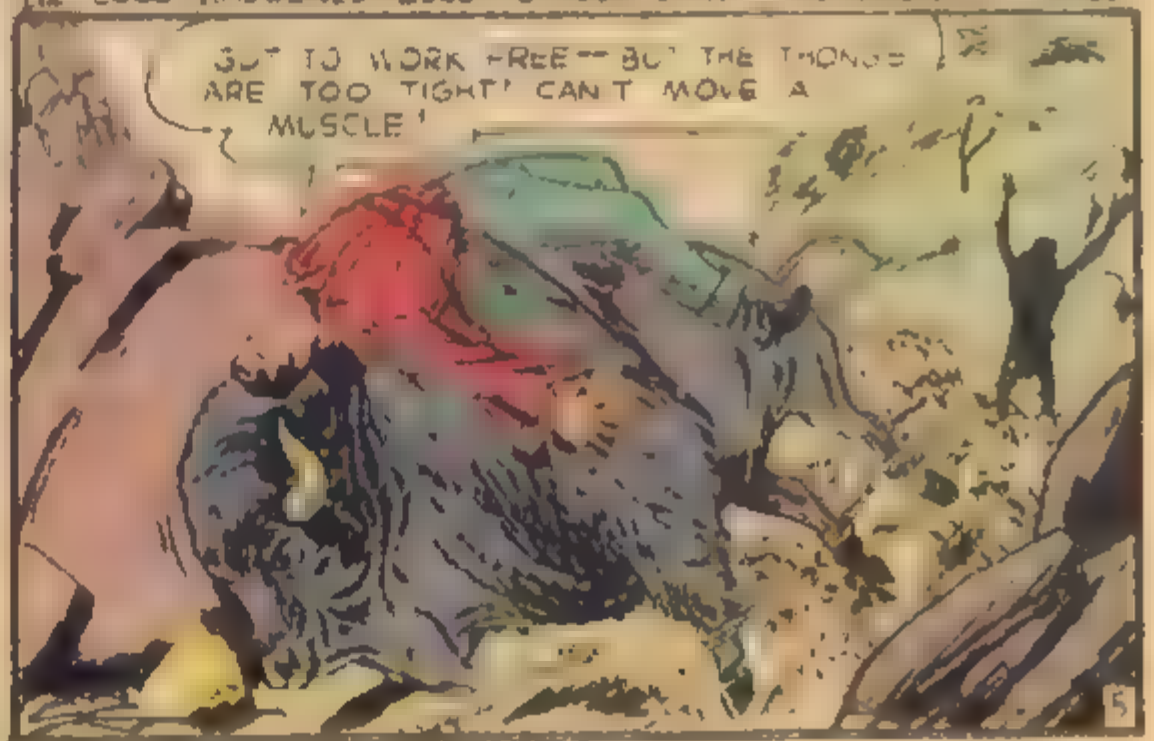
PICKING HIS WAY OVER THE RUBBLE-STREWN MESADOR, TIM HURLS HIMSELF DOWNWARD...



BUT AS TIM HURTTLES FORWARD INTENT ON FINISHING OFF THE BRONCO APACHE WITH HIS FISTS, HIS BOOT SLIPS IN THE SMALL FIRE —



KICKING SHORT IN LIVING NO BRAZIL! KICKING ROCK LEANED THE LOCO-MADDENED BULL HURTTLES DOWN THE MOUNTAIN TRAILS —

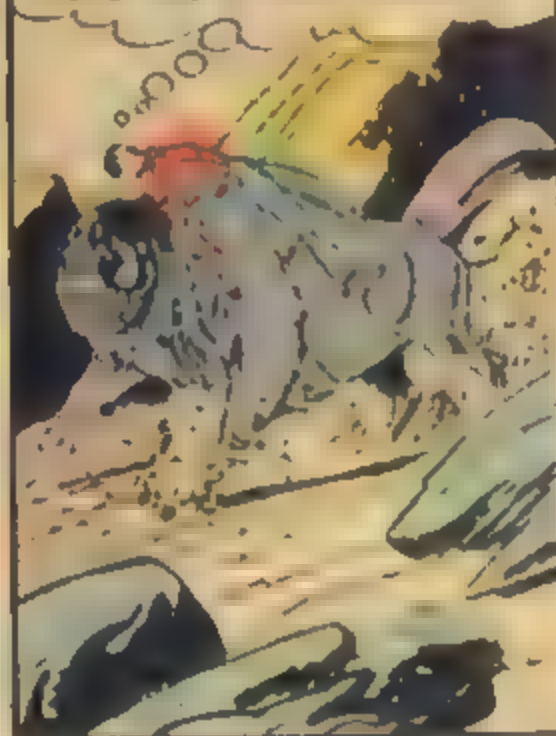


TIM HOLT

AND THEN, AS THE GIANT ANIMAL
TWISTS AND CAREENS AT HIS MAD
PACE, A ROPE SLIPS—JUST SLIGHTLY.



I CAN JIGGLE THE SHARP
ROWELS AGAINST THE ROPE
FRAY IT! THEN, AS THE
BUFFALO KICKS AND LUNGES,
IT WILL OVERSTRAIN THE
ROPE AND IT WILL SNAP!



TENSE MOMENTS LATER—

KICKED MY FEET LOOSE—
AND I AM ABLE TO HAND ON
WITH MY LEGS AND FULL FREE
OF THE LOOSENED ROPE
AROUND THE BUFFALO'S LEGS!



MADE IT! NOW TO DROP
OFF AND MAKE TRACKS
BACK TO CHUTE AND THAT
RED KNEE—AND THAT
GUTHRIE—AND I CAN BE
A REDMASK!



MINUTES LATER

I GOT TO THE CHUTE
AND I SAW THE RED KNEE
AND THAT GUTHRIE—AND I
WAS WITH FORT AND HOLT



ABOUT THE CHUTE PLUMMET
I GOT TO THE CHUTE PLUMMET
AND I SAW THE RED KNEE
AND THAT GUTHRIE—AND I
WAS WITH FORT AND HOLT



TIM HOLT

A SHOT RINGS OUT AND MULAPA SPRINGS BACK WITH A SHRIEL CRY!



FOR A LONG TORTURED MOMENT REDMASK CLASPS HIS REVOLVER—AND THEN TOSSES IT OUT AROUND TO THE AIR.



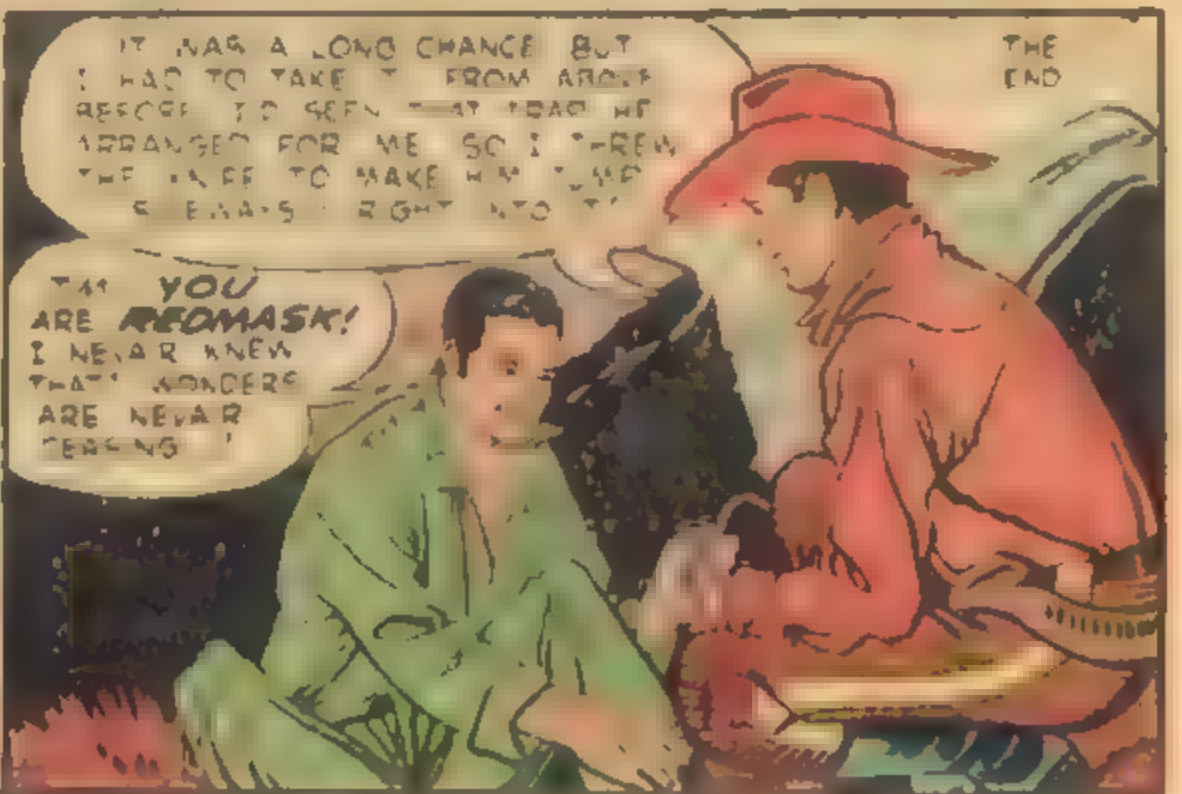
AND COMES DOWN IN THE TRAP HE SET FOR TIM HOLT!



AS MULAPA LEANS FORWARD TO LET THE COLT 45 REDMASK HURL HIS KNIFE



MULAPA LAUGHS IN GLEE AS HE DANGLES IT TENARLY—



THE
END

YOURS ALMOST AS A GIFT!

Valuable
**BALL POINT
PEN**

PERSONALIZED
WITH YOUR
NAME
INSCRIBED
IN 22 CARAT
gold

Guaranteed
for life!

only **25¢**

plus 1 wrapper from
Peter Paul's Almond
Joy or Mounds

You've got to act fast to get this remarkable gift offer—a sensational Ball Point Pen—with your own name inscribed in elegant 22 carat gold—and guaranteed for life! Send only 25¢ in coin plus 1 wrapper from a Peter Paul MOUNDS or ALMOND JOY candy bar. But do it now—before the offer is called off!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

PETER PAUL, Dept. TM
BOX 78, BROOKLYN 1, NEW YORK

enclose 25¢ in coin plus 1 wrapper for which please
rush my Ball Point Pen with my name inscribed in gold

NAME _____
(PRINT NAME) (81) (17)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Treat yourself to this finer, fresher candy
and get a valuable Ball Point Pen with
your name inscribed in 22 carat gold—
almost as a gift!

ACT NOW!
FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY!

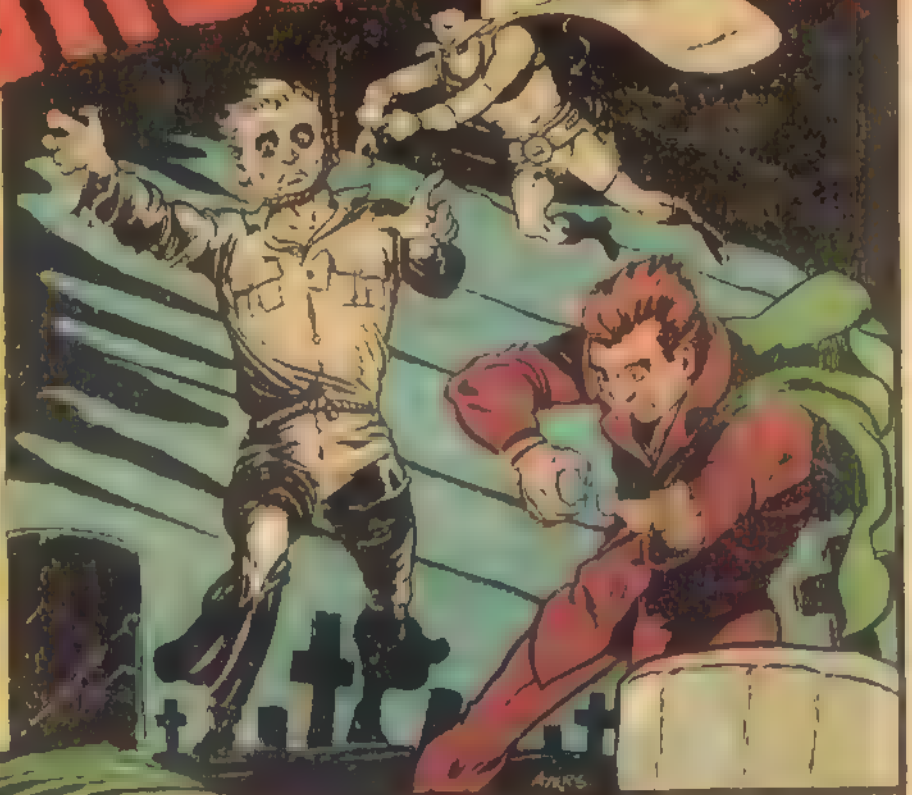
GHOST RIDER

THE

You HANG A MAN!

THE WARDEN GIVES THE SIGNAL - YOU CUT THE CORD - THE TRAP DROPS - CAN HE COME BACK AFTERWARDS - THE FORDS ARE BITING INTO HIS NECK - HIS EYES STILL BULGING TO DEMAND YOU RETURN WHAT WAS HIS BEFORE HE DIED? CAN HE? THAT IS THE QUESTION **THE GHOST RIDER** HAS TO ANSWER IN THE CASE OF —

**The
HAUNTED
HANGMAN!**



INSIDE A MORTUARY MANSION ON THE OUTSIDE OF A WESTERN TOWN AARON BICKEL CLASHES WITH HIS FATHER.

DON'T TRY TO STOP ME MARTHA. I'VE VISITED YOUR MOTHER GRAVE NIGHTLY EVER SINCE SHE DIED AND NOTHING NOT EVEN WHAT I SEE THERE CAN STOP ME

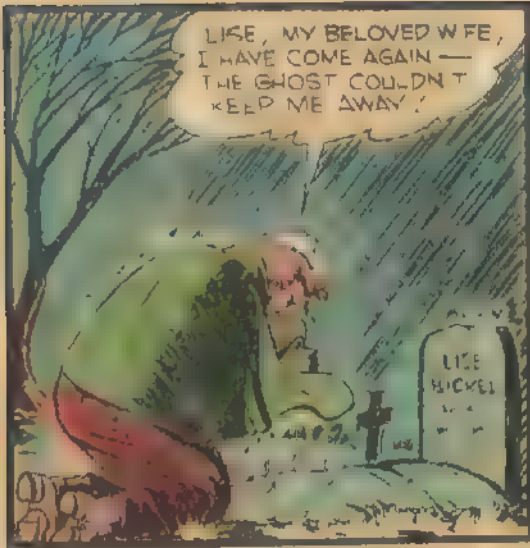
FATHER DON'T GO! YOUR HEART..!

BUT AARON BICKEL IS A STUBBORN MAN

NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOT EVEN THE GHOST OF THE HANGING MAN...



TIM HOLT



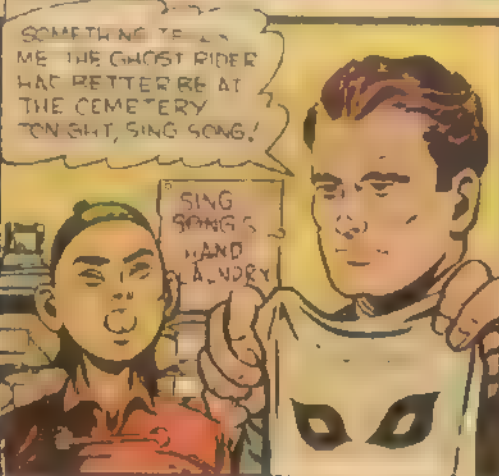
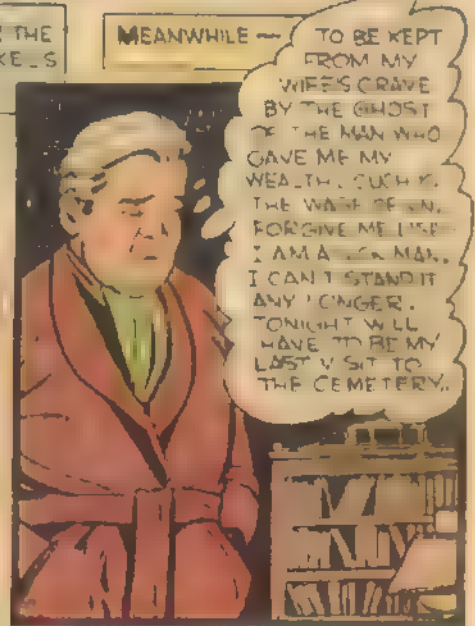
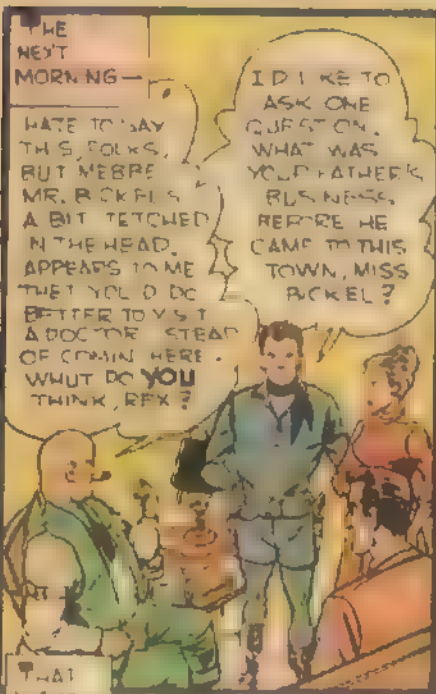
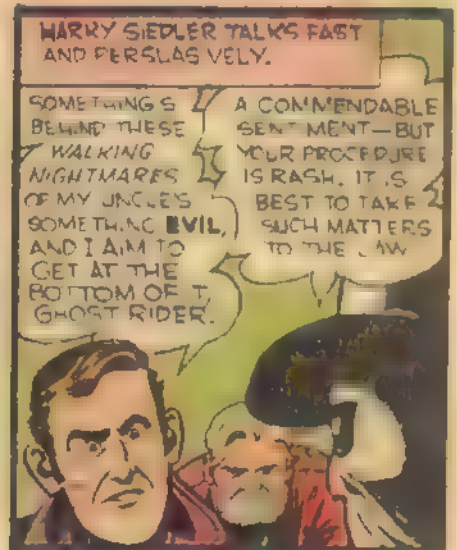
FEAR IS
FORCING AN
ANSWER
THROUGH
MORON BILLY'S
MIND WHEN
SUDDENLY
THE SKY
SPITS A
FIERCE
BOLT OF
LIGHTNING.



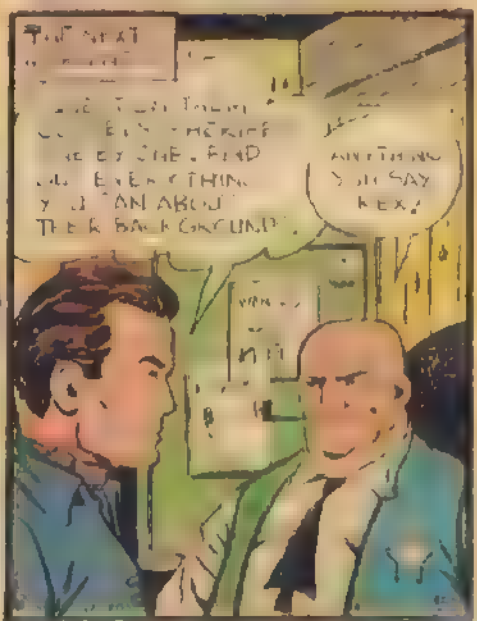
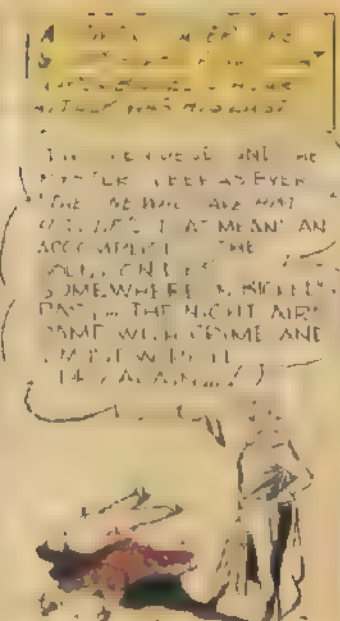
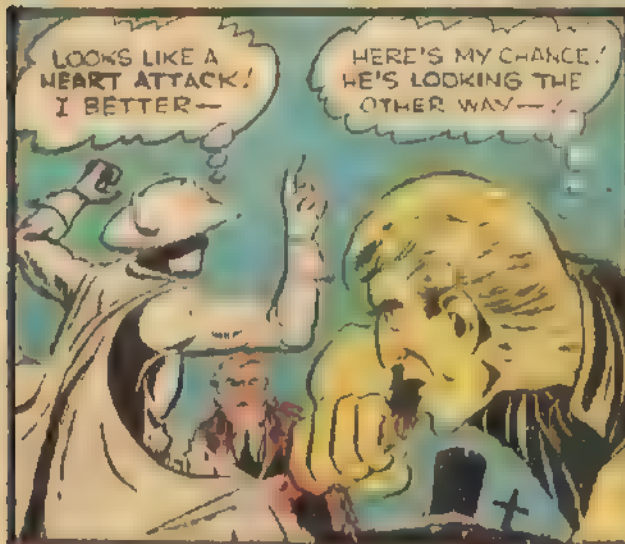
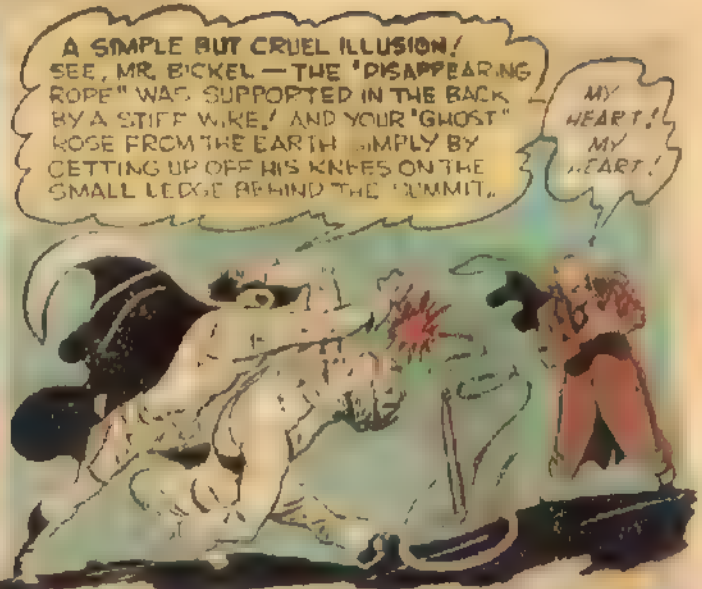
TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



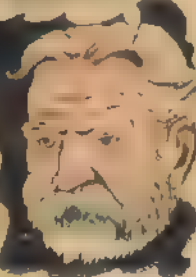
TIM HOLT

THESE ARE THE ANSWERS TO THE SHERIFF'S QUESTIONS.

I LOVE MY FATHER?
YES, AS MUCH AS
ANY DAUGHTER
COULD LOVE A
VORACIOUS, BROODING
MAN WHO FRIGHTENED
ALL HER SUITORS
AWAY...



I SLAVED FOR
AARON BICKEL
NIGHT INTO FORTY
YEARS, AND HARDLY
EVER A WORD
OUT OF HIM. LOW
WAGES TOO. WHY
DID I STAY...? I
DUNNO, IT WAS
MY LOT IN LIFE
I RECKON.



MY UNCLE WASN'
A BAD SORT, A
LITTLE MELANCHOLY
YOU HAD TO
UNDERSTAND HIM.
I WAS IN THE THEATRE
BACK EAST BEFORE I
CAME TO LIVE WITH MY
UNCLE. I WORKED AS
A STAGELAND.



WHAT
TUSH!

COLD DRINKS
FOR DRY THROATS
WITH ALL-DAY
QUESTION-
ANSWER.

GOOD
DEAR
SING SONG...
VERY
THOUGHTFUL
OF YOU.

LATER, IN
SING SONG'S
LAUNDRY -

YOU DID A GOOD JOB
DRUGGING THOSE DRINKS.
I JUST LOOKED NAT. THE
BICKEL MANSION, AND
HEY! ALL JACK NO LIKE
HIGLERS. HARRY, SING SONG -
WE HAVE MUCH WORK
TO DO TONIGHT!



THE CHIMES ARE STILL TOLLING MIDNIGHT WHEN -
WITH SUDDEN DIZZING SPEED - HARRY GIEDLER'S
RED EYES WAKE UP -



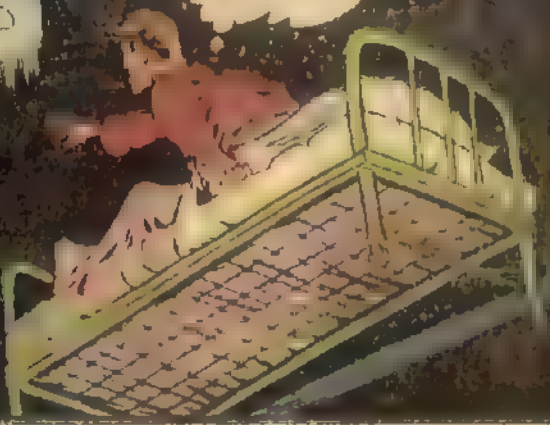
(YAWN)

MY VENTURE TIREL
HADN'T SLEPT THIS
NAT N - HEY! HAD
HIGLERS

I WILL TELL YOU
WHAT IS GOING ON.
I HAVE COME FROM
THE GRAVE TO
TELL YOU...



THE BED IS HERE
HAT D - ENBODIES
HEAD - (DIZZY BE)
A TRICK.



scream. But he had no time for that. The death he meted out would of necessity be swift and sudden.

He cantered on into the darkness that was flooding the sandy wastes of eastern Arizona . . .

Abner Goodman stood in the rays of the rising sun and reached h'ind's for the towel on the ranch house wall. He was redding up for the day ahead, filling pump water in a tin basin and a bar of soap made from the roots of a soap plant.

He was a young man, 'tall and straight' as an Oregon pine, and a heavy Colt hung in a well-studded belt at his middle. For seven years he had washed here, every morning at sunrise, and then gone about his chores, building his ranch during every minute of his working hours into something his wife could know and love.

He could hear the pans clanging and young Abner trying to answer. With a rattle he had slipped out of soft pajamas, one sock and a cluster of pans in the kitchen. Old man's wife was working over breakfast. The siren of frying bacon drifted down.

Abner Goss, the man in the door, stepped
back to his room at once. The man and the tea
table were gone. So was your wife and
a good mate for a man to have in the world.

She looked at him, and the young girl forgot the worry in her own. He smiled and shook his head. Don't worry about Mr. Fox. He's a poor heavy guard, on his way home, east.

She stirred the bacon in the iron skillet and chattered, "I do, sorry. Ah, I see Hector is a bad one. A bronco Apache! He is a pest! Ah, he comes back and -- I'll see you."

Goodman sat down at the table, he seemed slightly. "Lord Jesus I didn't want it to happen to him. I just want to teach him a lesson. If Captain Jackson's hadn't happened along at the time, I would have shot him with a pistol whipping - to teach him to respect property rights."

The corporal and I were as shocked, quick, hot anger. Captain Jack felt bad, even better for him. He couldn't catch him, so he took him away from you and put him in a place of for everything that's happened to him.

The rancher shrugged. "Let him come, if he can. He's loaded down with chains right now. He can't hurt me. I'll go about my chores as usual. But I'm hungry as a wolf. Better pack me up a good lunch, too. I've got to go on to the west meadow and look out that ridge. It's alive with rattlers and I want to stock the meadow with leffers next spring."

Two women shivered again. "You're going up to Hill ratters, Ab?"

The man looked at me and said, 'I'll take care of you up to the point where you can take care of yourself. I'll be there for you for getting me out of there. I'll be there for you as easy as pressed cotton.' Don't know why, but I've been 'tired out.'

"Well le carest."

The woman was laying out bacon and beans and biscuits for the man, who was leaning and rubbing his hands together with a finger inside him.

Heeter had a ladder in the lot of Arizona's de-
light. The ladder was the palace roof of a
country home. It was a ladder and a ladder was
thing to be made for the ladder carried. Heeter
suffered a sharp pain in the air on the air,
then relaxed. The ladder was a ladder was
cart, a ladder, a ladder, a ladder, a ladder, a ladder,
the Great Spirit had intended. I had one more
piece of the ladder, a ladder.

[illegible][illegible]

Hector took his hands off the wheel of the car and one straight carrying him a sharp jolt, letting them go free in the crowd. Passages were a matter all right.

He walked along the beach, the pale sea stretching in his back, looking at the people coming here and there. Slowly the Apache seized the trigger —

Something to kick an ankle, something that bit
and gnawed.

He told me a large number of things, and did not find a table was necessary for writing away from the room. There were no other persons in the room, and I did not know who he had been with. He had been in the room for a long time, and he had no seen him.

[illegible]

1. The first thing I noticed when I stepped
 out of the car was the heat. It was a sticky, oppressive
 heat that seemed to wrap around me like a heavy blanket.
 The sun was high in the sky, and the air was thick with
 the scent of asphalt and distant exhaust. I took a deep
 breath, feeling the heat fill my lungs.

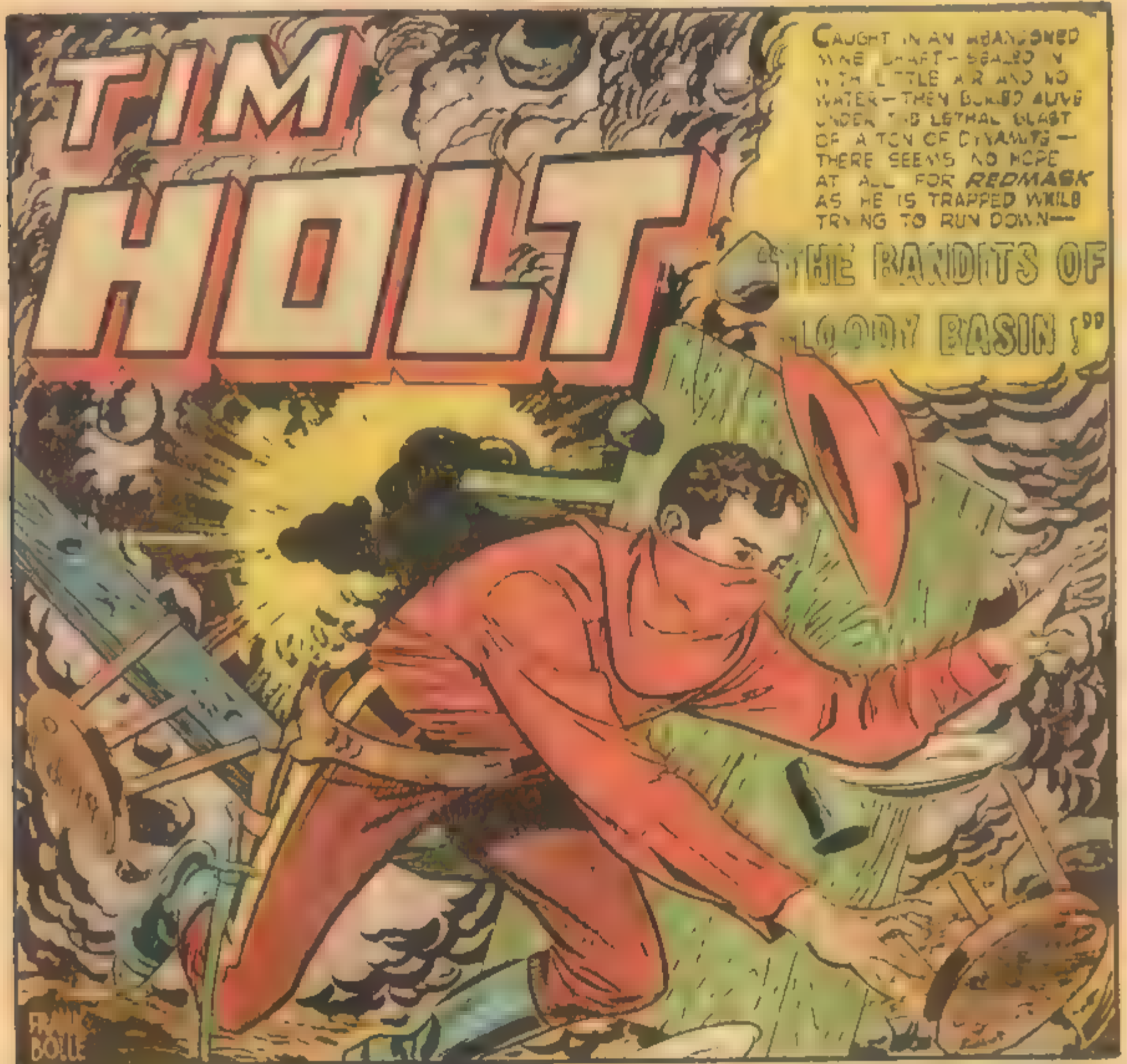
After Corcoran had finished his new
moments later, He had had a special gift
towards edged weapons. He had had the old
Heister had had. He had had an old, old
Heister had had.

The mother's face was pale and her
discoloration of the face was a deep red
me far behind the other children of a mother
hadn't 'raped him' - 'Hah' - 'P' - 'K' - 'N' - 'M' - 'L' - 'A' -
spare a few strokes - by 'e' - 'g' - 'n' - 't' - 'e' - 'r' - 'e' -
rock - 'e' - 't' - 'e' - 'r' - 'e' - 't' - 'e' - 'r' - 'e' - 't' - 'e' - 'r' - 'e' -
the 'e' - 't' - 'e' - 'r' - 'e' - 't' - 'e' - 'r' - 'e' - 't' - 'e' - 'r' - 'e' -

After all a man of me - ...
that's a real life - a man and a ...

THE END

TIM HOLT



CAUGHT IN AN ABANDONED
MINE SHAFT—SEALED IN
WITH LITTLE AIR AND NO
WATER—THEY BURIED ALIVE
UNDER THE LETHAL BLAST
OF A TON OF DYNAMITE—
THERE SEEMS NO HOPE
AT ALL FOR REDMASK
AS HE IS TRAPPED WHILE
TRYING TO RUN DOWN—

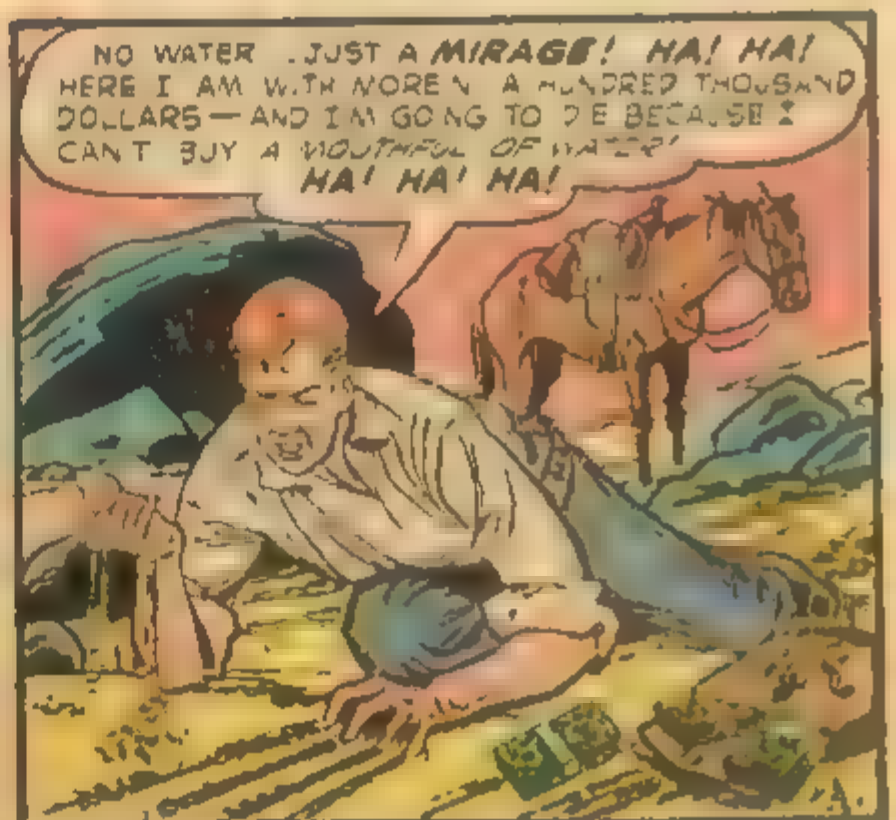
“THE BANDITS OF
LOODY BASIN!”

FRANK
BOULE

SOMEWHERE ON THE SCORCHING SANDS OF AN ARIZONA
DESERT.



WATER! I'VE FOUND
— WATER...!



NO WATER... JUST A MIRAGE! HA! HA!
HERE I AM WITH MORE THAN A HUNDRED THOUSAND
DOLLARS—AND I'M GOING TO DIE BECAUSE I
CAN'T BUY A MOUTHFUL OF WATER!
HA! HA! HA!

TIM HOLT

SOME HOURS LATER AS TIM HOLT AND HIS SIDEKICKS WENT ON ACROSS THE DESERT

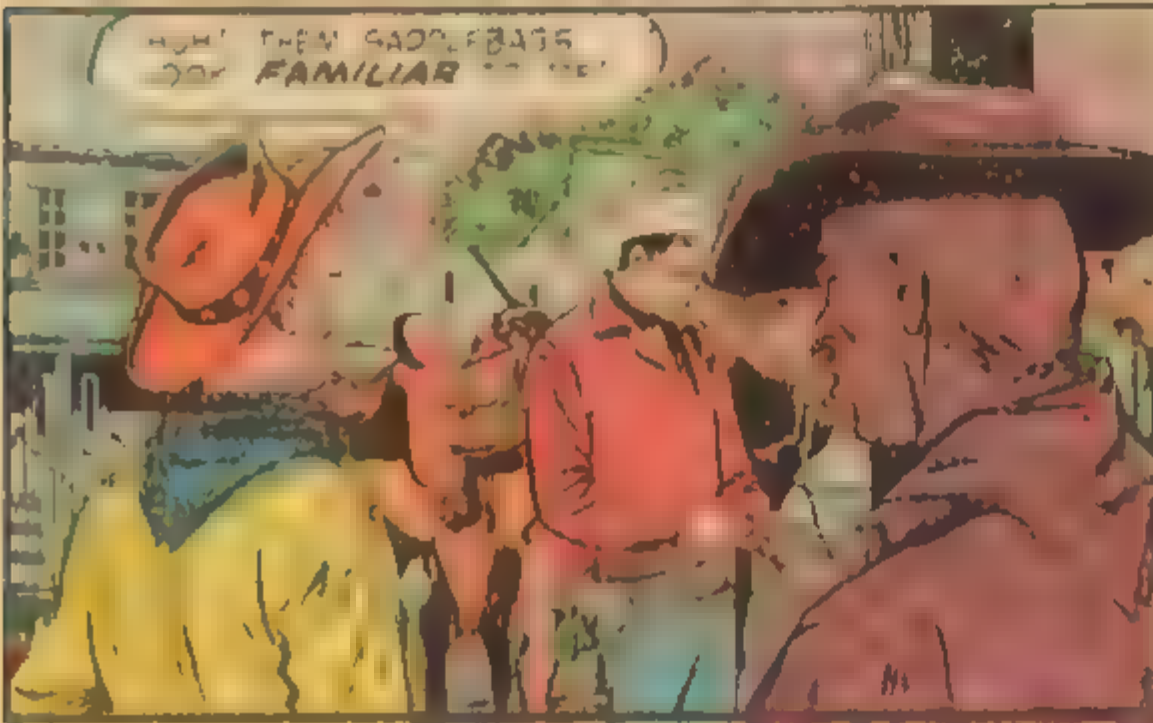


FOUR HOURS WITH ALL THE WEALTH HE COULDN'T SAVE HISSELF

RECKON THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO IS GET FURTHER AWAY FROM HERE AND TURN THESE THINGS OVER TO THE SHARPS



1. CHANCEY JAY WALKS FOUR HOURS BEFORE DUSK



HOLT THEN SADDLES HIS HORSE FOR A FAMILIAR TRIP

GREAT GUN IN HIS HAND! THEN HE RECKONED HE WASN'T GOING TO BE A SHERIFF ANY MORE. HE WAS A REBEL OF THE OLD WEST. HE WAS A REBEL OF THE OLD WEST. HE WAS A REBEL OF THE OLD WEST.



HE WENT INTO THE TOWN AND SAID SHERIFF LATHAM. THEY LOOK TO BE PLUMB TOUGH MOVIES.



REACH FOR THE LEAVING STATE. I'M ARRESTING YOU BOTH FOR STAGE COACH ROBBERY AND MURDER.



BUT HE WASN'T A SHERIFF ANY MORE. HE WAS A REBEL OF THE OLD WEST. HE WAS A REBEL OF THE OLD WEST. HE WAS A REBEL OF THE OLD WEST.



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

MEN BEHIND BARRIERS AND IN
WINDOWS THEY'RE EXPECTING
A RESCUE TRY EVEN AS REDMASK
I'D HAVE A TOUGH TIME RIDING
IN TOWN AND TAKING CHITO OUT
NOW—SO I'LL TALKLE THIS
ANOTHER WAY



THOSE SENTRIES ARE ALL
WATCHING THE STREET I
DON'T THINK ANY OF THEM
WILL BE LOOKING AT THE
ROOFTOPS!



IT'S A COOL NIGHT AND I
RECKON THAT FINE THEY'VE
GOT GOING IN THE JAIL WILL
HELP ME GIVE THOSE NOMBRES
A HOT TIME!



STUFFING HIS CAPE INTO THE CHIMNEY OPENING REDMASK BLOCKS THE NATURAL ESCAPE OF THE SMOKE SOON THE LITTLE POT-BELLIED STOVE BECOMES A SMOKE TRAP.

LEWIS IF OUT OF HERE LEFT IN
THREE MINUTES ON
FIRE!



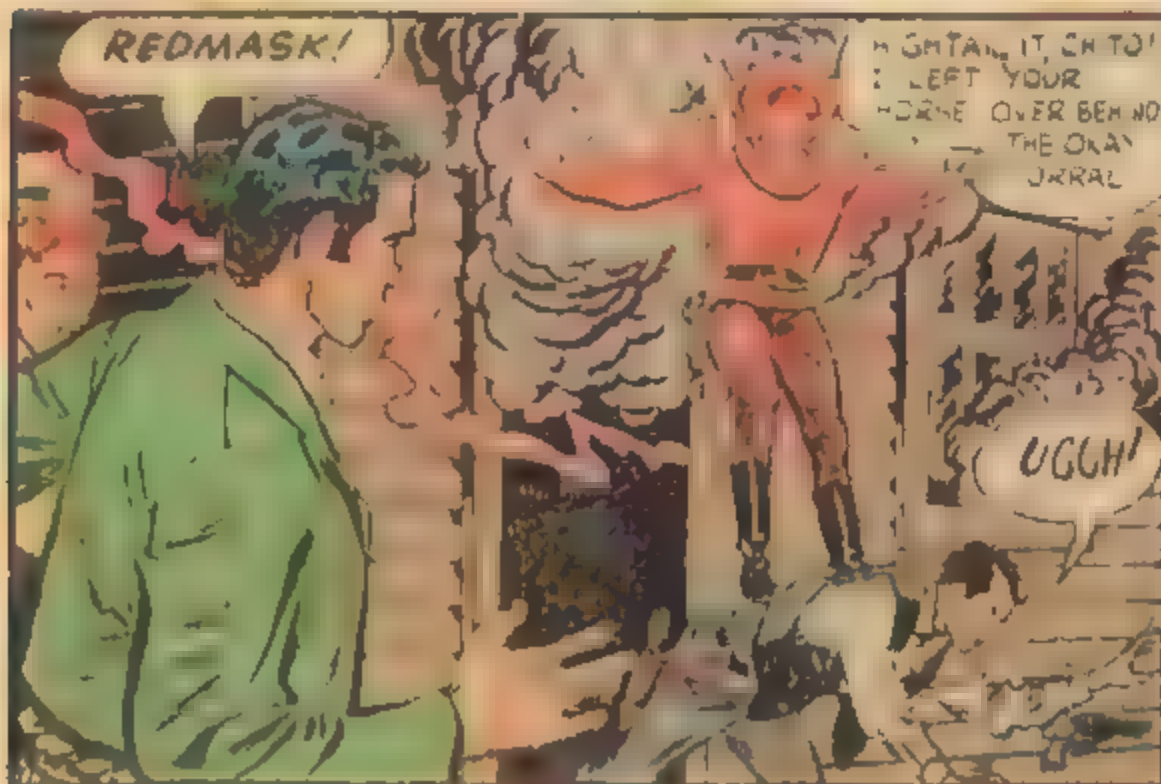
I AM A COMMUNIST
COUGH! COUGH!

DOGGONE I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND IT. SMOKE
ALL OVER THE PLACE
BUT I DON'T SEE
NO FIRE

HAM
YOU HAVE
NOT BEEN
HEARD OF
THE OLD
GOD OF
THE THERE
BY JOKE
IS FIRE



REDMASK!



H OBTAIN IT, CH TOI
 I LEFT YOUR
 HOME OVER BEHND
 THE ORAN
 JURAL

UGCH

SOME MINUTES LATER SHERIFF
REAVES ENTERS HIS OFFICE UNAWARE
THAT A BLACK MENACING FIGURE IS
WAITING FOR HIM

TRICKED LIKE A DOGGONE
TENDERFOOT! KNOCKED OUT AND
MY PRISONER GONE! JUST
WHEN I HAD MY HANDS ON
ONE OF SICK J. W. ANDREWS'
CROWD!



TIM HOLT

UHP!! DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE! I STOPPED IN TO PROVE THAT TIM HOLT AND CHITO AREN'T MEMBERS OF THAT ANDREWS GANG! AND IF YOU WANT, I'LL TELL YOU HOW YOU CAN GET—NOT ONE, BUT ALL OF THAT CROWD...



SO YOU MET HOLT AND VOLUNTEERED TO ACT FOR HIM BY SHOWING ME THESE PAPERS PROVING HIM A DEPUTY SHERIFF. NOW WHAT?



PUT THAT MONEY WE TOOK FROM THAT DEAD MAN—WHO WAS PROBABLY A BLOODY BASIN GANG MEMBER—INTO YOUR OFFICE SAFE...

LET WORD OF IT GET AROUND. THE ANDREWS MOB WILL COME IN TO TAKE IT! THEN I'LL TRAIL THEM INTO THE HILLS, TO THEIR HIDEOUT. WHEN I FIND IT I'LL COME BACK FOR YOU AND A POSSE, AND WE'LL CLEAN THEM OUT!



OUTSIDE THE JAIL, A VOLUNTEER GUARD—IN REALITY A MEMBER OF THE BLOODY BASIN GANG—EAVESDROPS...

LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, A DOZEN GRIM-FACED MEN SURROUND THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, AS SLICK JIM ENTERS...

SO THEY'RE FIGURIN' ON LAYIN' A TRAP FOR US, ARE THEY? I'LL TELL SLICK JIM ABOUT THIS! HIM AND THE BOYS CAME INTO TOWN TO SEE THEM HOMBRES THEY SAID WAS PALS OF OURS...



WE GOT THE MONEY—THE LOOT OF OUR LAST FOUR ROBBERIES! MONEY THAT FREDDY TOMES STOLE FROM OUR HIDEOUT! LET'S GO!



HIS MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, REDMASK RIDES OUT OF TOWN TO FIND CHITO...

I'LL WANT CHITO'S HELP TO MAINTAIN A LOOKOUT FOR THAT GANG WHEN THEY COME INTO TOWN FOR THAT LOOT!



HUH! I MUST HAVE LEFT TIM HOLT'S DEPUTY SHERIFF'S PAPERS IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE. BETTER GO OVER AND GET THEM NOW. NEVER CAN TELL WHEN THEY MIGHT BE NEEDED...



THUNDERATION! SLICK JIM ANDREWS AND HIS MEN MUST HAVE BEEN IN TOWN ALREADY—BECAUSE THOSE SADDLEBAGS ARE GONE!



NOW I HAVE TO TRACK THEM BLIND, AT NIGHT, AND I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I CAN DO IT!



ON A HEIGHT OF GROUND, REDMASK DISMOUNTS AND PUTS HIS EAR FLAT TO THE GROUND...

INDIANS USE THIS STUNT TO LISTEN FOR APPROACHING ENEMIES. SOUND—SUCH AS THAT MADE BY HORSES' HOOF—TRAVELS A GOOD DISTANCE UNDERGROUND!



THEY'RE RIDING HARD OVER BY NEEDLE BUTTES IN THE BLOODY BASIN COUNTRY! IF LIGHTNING CAN LET OUT A NOTCH OR TWO, I CAN GET TO THE FAR END OF THE BUTTES JUST AS THEY DO!



SOME HOURS LATER, MOVING IN NARROW MOUNTAIN TRAILS, THE CRIMSON RIDER COMES DOWN ON A MINE SHAFT BRIGHT WITH LAMPLIGHT...

SO THIS IS THEIR HIDEOUT!—AN ABANDONED MINE...!



TOO BAD YOU FOUND IT, HOMBRE! YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE IT ALIVE...!



TIM HOLT

LEAVE HIM HERE. WE GOT THE CHIMNEY GAP BANK TO HOLD UP TOMORROW AT NOON! THEN WE'LL PULL STAKES OUT OF HERE, SO WE'LL NEVER NEED THIS HIDEOUT AGAIN! **BLOW IT UP!**



FOR HOURS, REDMASK CROUCHES IN THE SMASHED MINE SHAFT, THEN HE STRAIGHTENS SUDDENLY...



SOMEONE UP ABOVE! ...BUT I CAN'T SHOUT—HE WOULDN'T HEAR ME! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO LET HIM KNOW I'VE BEEN BURIED ALIVE!

HELPLESS AS THE DYNAMITE ERUPTS, REDMASK CROUCHES WHILE THE ROOF OF THE MINE CAVES IN ON HIM!



MOMENTS LATER, AS THIN WISPS OF SMOKE RISE FROM THE AIR VENTS OF THE MINE...

OLA! I AM FOR SEE THEENG! SMOKE FROM THE GROUND!



AN HOUR OF HARD SHOVELING, AND—

I AM LOST BEN THESE HILLS —I JUST RIDE AROUND LOOKING FOR YOU!

A GOOD THING FOR ME THAT YOU WERE ABLE TO SEE THE SMOKE FROM THE FIRE I BUILT, BUT NOW LET'S HIGHTAIL IT FOR CHIMNEY GAP. THOSE BADHATS ARE GOING TO ROB IT'S BANK TOMORROW AT NOON!



AND SO, AS SLICK JIM ANDREWS AND HIS MEN RIDE INTO TOWN THEY ARE MET BY A SOLID SHEET OF HOT LEAD...



GOT 'EM WHERE WE WANT 'EM!

GOT EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM—THANKS TO YOUR WARNIN' THAT THEY WERE COMIN'! AND WE RECOVERED THE MONEY THEY STOLE!

NOW THAT IT'S FINISHED, I'LL BE RIDING ON... TO CARRY WORD TO TIM HOLT THAT HE'S NO LONGER IN DANGER OF ARREST!



THE END

Here it is fellas! send for it **NOW!**

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